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Miss Sara A. Dunn,
Christmas, 1910.

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Consists not in a multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice

—Ben Jonson

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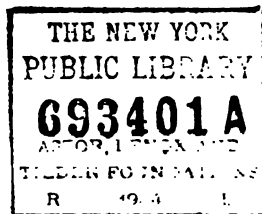
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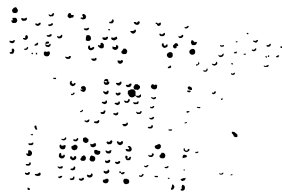
**Thou mayest be sure that he that
will in private tell thee of thy faults,
is thy friend, for he adventures thy
dislike and doth hazard thy hatred**

—Sir Walter Raleigh





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FOR · FRIENDSHIP'S
SAKE

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Friendship

WE have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Barring all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eyebeams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry, and in common speech, the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt

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toward others, are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love, to the lowest degree of good will, they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend, and, forthwith, troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves on every hand, with chosen words. See in any house where virtue and self-respect abide, the palpitating which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected and announced, and an uneasiness between pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into their places, the old coat is exchanged for the new, and they

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must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is, what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont. We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects, into the conversation, it is all over. He has heard the first, the last and best, he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehension, are old acquaintances. Now,

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when he comes, he may get the order, the dress, and the dinner, but the throbbing of the heart, and the communications of the soul, no more.

Pleasant are these jets of affection which relume a young world for me again. Delicious is a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling. How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed: there is no winter, and no night: all tragedies, all ennui vanish; all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God, the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not

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so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine—a possession for all time. Nor is nature so poor, but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of relations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by-and-by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a traditional globe. My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather, not I, but the Deity in me and in them, both deride and cancel the thick walls of individual character, relation, age, sex and circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. These are not stark and stiffened

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persons, but the newborn poetry of God—poetry without stop—hymn, ode and epic, poetry still flowing, and not yet caked in dead books with annotation and grammar, but Apollo and the Muses chanting still. Will these two separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them is so pure, that we hold by simple affinity, and the Genius of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

I confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on this point. It is almost dangerous to me to “crush the sweet poison of misused wine” of the affections. A new person is to me always a great event, and hinders me from sleep. I have had such fine fancies lately about two or three persons, as have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day: it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend’s accomplishments as if they were

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mine—wild, delicate, throbbing property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We overestimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his, his name, his form, his dress, books and instruments, fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.

Yet the systole and diastole of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships; and in the golden hour of friendship, we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterward worship the form to which we have ascribed this divine inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect men as it respects itself. In strict

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science, all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by facing the fact, by mining for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple? Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less beautiful than their appearance, though it needs finer organs for its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of the bald fact amid these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull at our banquet. A man who stands united with his thought, conceives magnificently to himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty, more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles;



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the planet has a faint, moon-like ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that for all his purple cloaks I shall not like him, unless he is at last a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the phenomenal includes thee, also, in its pied and painted immensity—thee, also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is—thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak. Is it not that the soul puts forth friends, as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf? The law of nature is alternation forevermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends, that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone, for a season, that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along

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the whole history of our personal relations. Ever the instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and ever the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. Thus every man passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this to each new candidate for his love:

DEAR FRIEND:

If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles, in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise: my moods are quite attainable: and I respect thy genius: it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity, and not for life. They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short

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and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere, and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. Almost all people descend to meet. All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long foresight, we must be

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tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation. It makes no difference how many friends I have, and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest instantly the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly.' I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum.

"The valiant warrior famed for fight,
After a hundred victories, once foiled,
Is from the book of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled." .

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is protected from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were



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yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the *naturlangsamkeit* which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration, in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness. Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have this childish luxury in our regards; but the austere worth; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.

The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, and I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate social benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing is so much divine.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frost-work,

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but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature, or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace, which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul, is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation, and honor its law! It is no idle band, no holiday engagement. He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games, where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear

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of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the hap in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness, and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign, that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him, I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness, with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. | Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. | We parry and fend the approach of our fellow man by compliments,

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by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up ~~our~~ thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who, under a certain religious frenzy, cast off this drapery, and omitting all compliments and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to face him, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age, is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost

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every man we meet requires some civility, requires to be humored—he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and so spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring me to stoop, or to lisp, or to mask myself. A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being in all its height, variety and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the master-piece of nature.

The other element of friendship is Tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can

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another be so blessed, and we so pure, that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author says, "I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friendship should have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground, before it walks over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen, before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts; of useful loans; it is good neighborhood; it watches with the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet, on the other hand, we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine, and does not sub-

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stantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of plow-boys and tin-peddlers, to the silken and perfumed amity which only celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricule, and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive, and

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add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.

For perfect friendship it may be said to require natures so rare and costly, so well tempered each, and so happily adapted, and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired), that very seldom can its satisfaction be realized. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned, in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other, and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of *one to one*, peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix waters too much. The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together, and you



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shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company, the individuals at once merge their egotism into a social soul exactly co-extensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but being left alone with each other, enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each

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other; will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation—no more. A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought, he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness, that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep by a word or a look his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine, is that the *not mine* is *mine*. It turns the stomach, it blots the daylight; where I

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looked for a manly furtherance, or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend, than his echo. / The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. / To be capable of that high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which beneath these disparities unites them.

He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous. He must be so, to know its law. He must be one who is sure that greatness and goodness are always economy. He must be one who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not dare to intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. / We must not be willful, we must not provide. / We talk of choosing our friends,

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but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course, if he be a man, he has merits that are not yours, and that you cannot honor, if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside. Give those merits room. Let them mount and expand. Be not so much his friend that you can never know his peculiar energies, like fond mammas who shut up their boy in the house until he is almost grown a girl. Are you the friend of your friend's buttons, or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure instead of the pure nectar of God.

Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, or

Friendship

know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him I want, but not news, nor pottage. I can get politics, and chat, and neighborly conveniences, from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal, and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify but raise it to that standard. That great defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enhance. Worship his superiorities. Wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell them all. Guard him as thy great counterpart; have a principdom to thy friend. Let him be to thee forever a sort of beautiful enemy, untamable, devoutly

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noble afar off, and they repel us; why should we intrude? Late—very late—we perceive that no arrangements, no introductions, no customs, or habits of society, would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire—but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them: then shall we meet as water with water: and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they. In the last analysis, love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men. Men have sometimes exchanged names with their friends, as if they would signify that in their friend each loved his own soul.

The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends, such as we desire, are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in other regions of the universal power, souls are now acting, enduring and daring, which can love us, and

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which we can love. We may congratulate ourselves that the period of nonage, of follies, of blunders, and of shame, is passed in solitude, and when we are finished men, we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands. Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no God attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little, you gain the great. You become pronounced. You demonstrate yourself, so as to put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the first-born of the world, those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great, show as spectres and shadows merely.

It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love. Whatever correction of our popular views we make from insight, nature will be sure to bear us out in, and though it seem to rob

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us of some joy, will repay us with a greater. Let us feel, if we will, the absolute insulation of man. We are sure that we have all in us. We go to Europe, or we pursue persons, or we read books, in the instinctive faith that these will call it out and reveal us to ourselves. Beggars all. The persons are such as we; the Europe, an old faded garment of dead persons; the books, their ghosts. Let us drop this idolatry. Let us give over this mendicancy. Let us even bid our dearest friends farewell, and defy them, saying, "Who are you? Unhand me. I will be dependent no more." Ah! seest thou not, O brother, that thus we part only to meet again on a higher platform, and only be more each other's, because we are more our own? A friend is Janus-faced: he looks to our past and the future. He is the child of all my foregoing hours, the prophet of those to come. He is the harbinger of a greater friend. It is the property of the divine to be reproductive.

I do then with my friends as I do with my

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books. I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them. We must have society on our own terms, and admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak much with my friend. If he is great, he makes me so great that I cannot descend to converse. In the great days, presentiments hover before me, far before me in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate myself to them. I go in that I may seize them; I go out that I may seize them. I fear only that I may lose them receding into the sky in which now they are only a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy, or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods. It is true, next week I shall have languid times, when I can well afford to occupy myself with foreign ob-

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jects; then I shall regret the lost literature of your mind, and wish you were by my side again. But if you come, perhaps you will fill my mind only with new visions, not with yourself but with your lustres, and I shall not be able any more than now to converse with you. So I will owe to my friends this evanescent intercourse. I will receive from them not what they have, but what they are. They shall give me that which properly they cannot give me, but which radiates from them. But they shall not hold me by any relations less subtle and pure. We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not.

It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, to carry a friendship greatly, on one side, without due correspondence on the other. Why should I cumber myself with the poor fact that the receiver is not capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness educate the crude and cold com-

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panion. If he is unequal, he will presently pass away, but thou art enlarged by thy own shining; and, no longer a mate for frogs and worms, dost soar and burn with the gods of the empyrean. It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited.[^] But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited.[†] True love transcends instantly the unworthy object, and dwells and broods on the eternal, and when the poor, interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth, and feels its independency the surer. Yet those things may hardly be said without a sort of treachery to the relation. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god, that it may deify both.

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**Procure not friends in haste and when thou
hast a friend part not with him in haste**



John Lubbock

The Blessing of Friends

"They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; for we have received nothing better from the Immortal Gods, nothing more delightful."—CICERO.

MOST of those who have written in praise of books have thought they could say nothing more conclusive than to compare them to friends.

"All men," said Socrates, "have their different objects of ambition—horses, dogs, money, honor, as the case may be; but for his own part he would rather have a good friend than all these put together." And again, men know "the number of their other posses-

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sions, although they might be very numerous, but of their friends, though but few, they were not only ignorant of the number, but even when they attempted to reckon it to such as asked them, they set aside again some that they had previously counted among their friends; so little did they allow their friends to occupy their thoughts. Yet in comparison with what possession, of all others, would not a good friend appear far more valuable?"

"As to the value of other things," says Cicero, "most men differ; concerning friendship all have the same opinion. What can be more foolish than, when men are possessed of great influence by their wealth, power, and resources, to procure other things which are bought by money—horses, slaves, rich apparel, costly vases—and not to procure friends, the most valuable and fairest furniture of life?" And yet, he continues, "every man can tell how many goats or sheep he possesses, but not how many friends." In the choice, moreover, of a dog or of a horse, we exercise the

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greatest care: we inquire into its pedigree, its training and character, and yet we too often leave the selection of our friends, which is of infinitely greater importance—by whom our whole life will be more or less influenced either for good or evil—almost to chance.

It is no doubt true, as the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* says, that all men are bores except when we want them. And Sir Thomas Browne quaintly observes that “unthinking heads who have not learnt to be alone, are a prison to themselves if they be not with others; whereas, on the contrary, those whose thoughts are in a fair and hurry within, are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of the crowd of themselves.” Still, I do not quite understand Emerson’s idea that “men descend to meet.” In another place, indeed, he qualifies the statement, and says, “Almost all people descend to meet.” Even so I should venture to question it, especially considering the context. “All association,” he adds, “must be a compromise, and, what

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is worse, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other." What a sad thought! Is it really so; need it be so? And if it were, would friends be any real advantage? I should have thought that the influence of friends was exactly the reverse: that the flower of a beautiful nature would expand, and the colors grow brighter, when stimulated by the warmth and sunshine of friendship.

It has been said that it is wise always to treat a friend, remembering that he may become an enemy, and an enemy, remembering that he may become a friend; and whatever may be thought of the first part of the adage, there is certainly much wisdom in the latter. Many people seem to take more pains and more pleasure in making enemies, than in making friends. Plutarch, indeed, quotes with approbation the advice of Pythagoras "not to shake hands with too many," but as long as friends are well chosen, it is true rather that

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**"He who has a thousand friends,
Has never a one to spare,
And he who has one enemy,
Will meet him everywhere,"**

and unfortunately, while there are few great friends there is no little enemy.

I guard myself, however, by saying again—As long as they are well chosen. One is thrown in life with a great many people who, though not actively bad, though they may not wilfully lead us astray, yet take no pains with themselves, neglect their own minds, and direct the conversation to petty puerilities or mere gossip; who do not seem to realize that conversation may by a little effort be made most instructive and delightful, without being in any way pedantic; or, on the other hand, may be allowed to drift into a mere morass of muddy thought and weedy words. There is hardly any one from whom we may not learn much, if only they will trouble themselves to tell us. Nay, even if they teach us nothing, they may help us by the stimulus of intelligent questions, or the warmth of sympathy. But

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if they do neither, then indeed their companionship, if companionship it can be called, is mere waste of time and of such we may well say, "I do desire that we be better strangers."

Much certainly of the happiness and purity of our lives depends on our making a wise choice of our companions and friends. If our friends are badly chosen they will inevitably drag us down; if well they will raise us up. Yet many people seem to trust in this matter to the chapter of accident. It is well and right, indeed, to be courteous and considerate to every one with whom we are brought into contact, but to choose them as real friends is another matter. Some seem to make a man a friend, or try to do so, because he lives near, because he is in the same business, travels on the same line of railway, or for some other trivial reason. There cannot be a greater mistake. These are only, in the words of Plutarch, "the idols and images of friendship."

To be friendly with every one is another



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matter; we must remember that there is no little enemy, and those who have ever really loved any one will have some tenderness for all. There is indeed some good in most men. "I have heard much," says Mr. Nasmyth in his charming autobiography, "about the ingratitude and selfishness of the world. It may have been my good fortune, but I have never experienced either of these unfeeling conditions." Such also has been my own experience.

"Men talk of unkind hearts, kind deeds,
With coldness still returning.
Alas! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning."

I cannot, then, agree with Emerson that "we walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere in other regions of the universal power souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us, and which we can love."

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No doubt, much as worthy friends add to the happiness and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves, and every one is his own best friend or worst enemy.

Sad, indeed, is Bacon's assertion that "there is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, which was wont to be magnified. That that is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend the one to the other." But this can hardly be taken as his deliberate opinion, for he elsewhere says, "but we may go farther, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness." Not only, he adds, does friendship introduce "daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts;" it "maketh a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests:" in consultation with a friend a man "tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth



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wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation."

. . . "But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love."

With this last assertion I cannot altogether concur. Surely even strangers may be most interesting! and many will agree with Dr. Johnson when, describing a pleasant evening, he summed it up—"Sir, we had a good talk."

Epictetus gives excellent advice when he dissuades from conversation on the very subjects most commonly chosen, and advises that it should be on "none of the common subjects—not about gladiators, nor horse-races, nor about athletes, nor about eating or drinking, which are the usual subjects; and especially not about men, as blaming them;" but when he adds, "or praising them," the injunction seems to me of doubtful value. Surely Marcus Aurelius more wisely advises that "when thou

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wishest to delight thyself, think of the virtues of those who live with thee; for instance, the activity of one, and the modesty of another, and the liberality of a third, and some other good quality of a fourth. For nothing delights so much as the examples of the virtues, when they are exhibited in the morals of those who live with us and present themselves in abundance, as far as is possible. Wherefore we must keep them before us." Yet how often we know merely the sight of those we call our friends, or the sound of their voices, but nothing whatever of their mind or soul.

We must, moreover, be as careful to keep friends as to make them. If every one knew what one said of the other, Pascal assures us that "there would not be four friends in the world." This I hope and think is too strong, but at any rate try to be one of the four. And when you have made a friend, keep him. Hast thou a friend, says an Eastern proverb, "visit him often, for thorns and brushwood obstruct the road which no one treads."



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The affections should not be mere "tents of a night."

Still less does Friendship confer any privilege to make ourselves disagreeable. Some people never seem to appreciate their friends till they have lost them. Anaxagoras described the Mausoleum as the ghost of wealth turned into stone.

"But he who has once stood beside the grave to look back on the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent *then* are the wild love and the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust." *

Death, indeed, cannot sever friendship. "Friends," says Cicero, "though absent, are still present; though in poverty they are rich; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health;

* Ruskin.

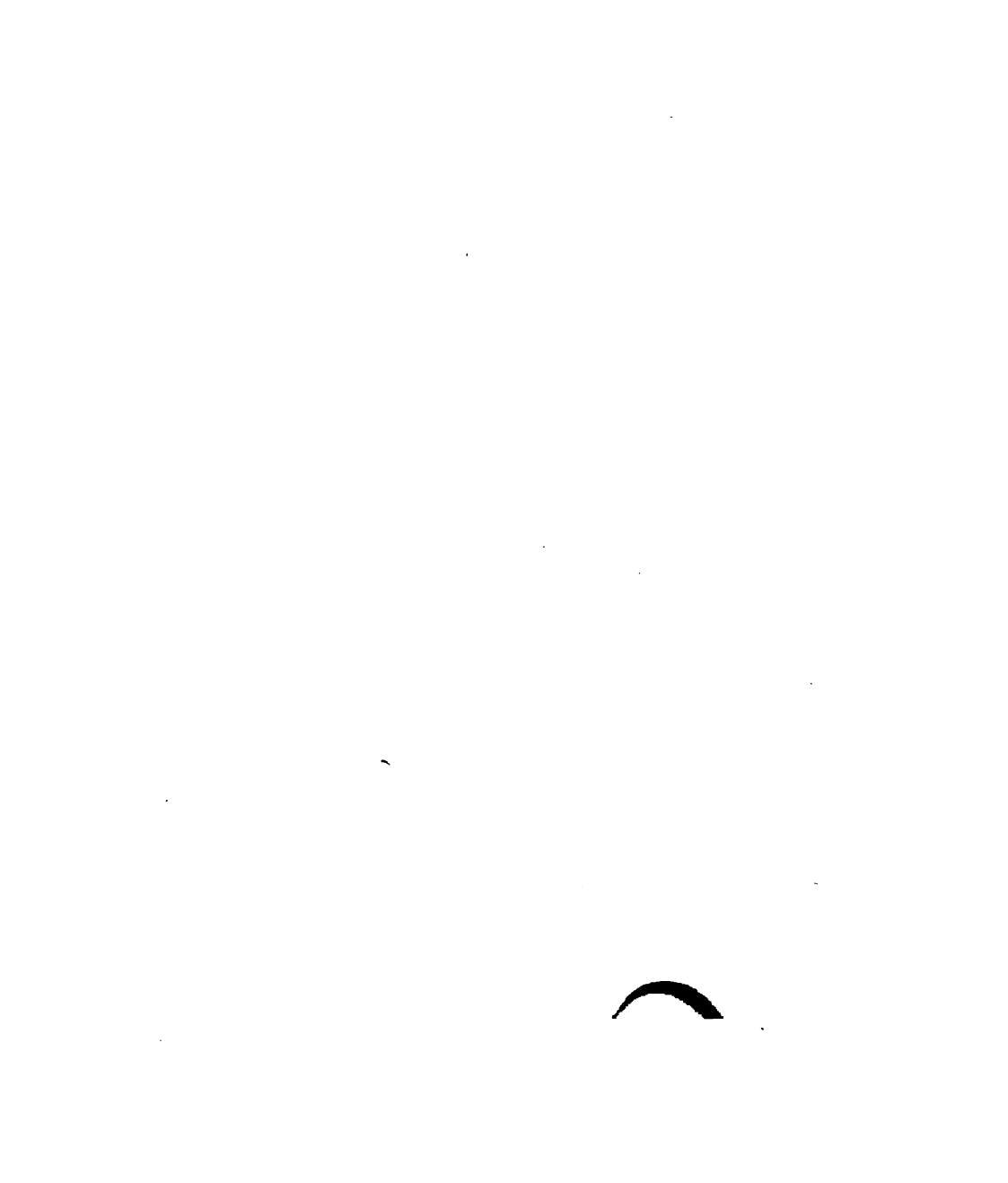
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and, what is still more difficult to assert, though dead they are alive." This seems a paradox, yet is there not much truth in his explanation? "To me, indeed, Scipio still lives, and will always live; for I love the virtue of that man, and that worth is not yet extinguished. . . . Assuredly of all things that either fortune or time has bestowed on me, I have none which I can compare with the friendship of Scipio."

If, then, we choose our friends for what they are, not for what they have, and if we deserve so great a blessing, then they will be always with us, preserved in absence, and even after death, in the "amber of memory."

Deliberate long before thou consecrate a friend; and when thy impartial judgment concludes him worthy of thy bosom, receive him joyfully, and entertain him wisely; impart thy secrets boldly, and mingle thy thoughts with his; he is thy very self; and use him so; if thou firmly believe him faithful, thou makest him so

—F. Quarles



The Ideal Friend

BY WILLIAM RADER.

IN the life of our Lord, all the graces and gifts of the human heart are idealized.

His is a life of perfect fruit. Thus He becomes not only the definition, but the illustration of all the virtues of man. Because He is the incarnation of God, He is the incarnation of the real raised to the ideal. In Him is the best. All virtues and passions reach their superlative degree in His pure and profound nature.

He is the ideal neighbor, son, reformer, physician, sufferer and friend. His life was an art—the art of living. His ministry was a revelation of possible conduct, an example of fulfilled obligations, and of the power to meet responsibilities, both in public and private.

For Friendship's Sake

In the marble of His divine-human character there is no flaw nor stain. Whatever our theological estimate of His deity may be, there is but one estimate of His spotless worth as an ideal man, who has described for all time, the ideal art of a human life, and set forth the beauty and wealth of a strong, stable and sincere friendship.

Friendship is more than companionship. It is more than acquaintance, or affection. Soldiers in a regiment may be companions, but the companionship may be physical, a bond of the lower life. Our passing acquaintances may not be our friends. Acquaintance may bloom or fruit into friendship. It

"Is no plant of hasty growth;
Tho' planted in esteem's deep fixed soil.
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection."

Affection may not be mutual, and therefore not friendly. Unless there be an interchange of virtuous feeling, we have no friendship. It is never one-sided. Two are neces-

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sary to friendship. Its basis is the mutual and recognized insight of two souls. People are friends who understand each other. "A fellow feeling" not only makes us "wondrous kind," but wondrous friends. It is this which accounts for what some would regard as strange social affinities, but which is not properly the association of the senses, but the fellowship of souls.

The nearest approach of pagan thought to Christian friendship is found in this statement by a great Greek: "That founded on knowledge of the gods, that founded on the gifts of men, and that on the pleasures of animals."

Christian friendship has a mutual and reciprocal interest. It is characterized by a mutual understanding. Its basis is right principles. Sin is opposed to friendship. The Devil is not a friend. He is incapable of friendship. He wins his way through the "pleasures of animals," not by the inspiration of the higher virtues. The greatest friendships do not shape themselves out of the clay

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of the world. Rachel is not equal to Mary, nor is Deborah equal to Paula. The friendship of the world is not that of the church, nor is the friendship of the old covenant on the same plane with that of the new.

It was this higher affinity which associates the names of David and Jonathan, Paul and Timothy, Jerome and Paula, Dr. Johnson and Hannah More, and our Lord with His disciples.

Great friendships have contained a moral purpose. They were not flirtations, but the delicate tendril clinging to the oak; Platonic, in the sense that they were lifted above the plane of passion. This is notably true of the friendships of our Lord. They were weighted with an honest purpose. They concealed no strategy, no false purpose, no selfishness, but were remarkable for their spontaneity and innocence. They touched the hard life of His times delicately, as the snow touches the landscape or the sun falls upon drooping flowers. They comprise those refreshing and beautiful

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enthusiasms of His quieter life, which have never diminished in power and influence.

Our Lord had His own private friends. No man's life is exclusively public. There is always the hidden life, from which the public career derives its color and strength. The river which sweeps on, tossing its ships upon its currents, is fed by countless mountain streams which are unseen. So with great lives. They are dependent upon private and unseen sources. There are friends somewhere, which make the life possible. We are all dependent upon others, and some one is dependent upon us. It is this dependence, and responsibility, which make life worth living. Our Lord was no exception. In His human ministry He was assisted by others, whose names are not sounded through trumpets, but whose streams of sympathy swelled the current of our Lord's great, strong life.

The Twelve make up the first group of sympathetic adherents, who followed Him into the deep shadows of His death. When He wished

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to eat the Last Supper, a goodman—a stranger to us—loaned Him the dining-room; and when He wished one separate spot in which to suffer in the loneliness of His grief, a friend loaned Him the Garden of Gethsemane.

After He had been crucified upon the cross, and there was no grave, Joseph of Arimathæa, offered his vacant tomb. Thus we find such names as John, Nicodemus, the goodman of the house, Mary, Martha, Lazarus and others, who entered into the life of Jesus, and who in turn received from Him, the precious dew of His own words, the inspiration of His own beautiful social life. These people understood Jesus, and Jesus understood them—and that is friendship.

“Friendship’s the privilege
Of private men: for wretched greatness knows,
No blessing so substantial.”

The violation of friendship causes the blood to flow, because this feeling reaches the heart. It is the heart’s most innocent passion. The severing of the bond is a cruel and pathetic



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separation of lives, and history is not without the spectacle of broken friendships. But on the most part, the other and more emotional passions cause the tragedies of the world. Love is often a turbulent emotion—restless, wild—tearing through the life as a mountain torrent dashes over the rocks. Shakespeare makes violated love, rather than friendship, the cause of his tragedies. Friendship is more steadfast, less nervous, more tranquil, less suspicious, more confident and less passionate and fiery than love. The friendships of Christ continued with Him to the end. They followed Him to the Garden and the Cross, and greeted Him on the morning of the resurrection. They were the perpetual bonds of His earthly life, and sent up to His ascended person, earth's holiest incense.

Christ was an ideal friend in His sincerity. "Sincerity," says Confucius, "is the beginning and the end of all things." This is one of the moral demands of friendship; without it there is but sounding brass and a tin-

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ling cymbal. Emerson says, "A friend is one with whom I may be sincere." Insincerity is the rift within love's lute. Sooner or later the melody will be lost. Love must rest on the quality of genuineness. So must friendship; else it is but a house of blocks.

Our Lord was the embodiment of genuineness. He never said one thing and meant another; never broke a promise or a vow, and was never false to a pledge. His word was His bond. He trusted man. There was every reason why He should sometimes doubt the exuberant professions of His followers. Once He revealed to Peter the hollowness of his pretended loyalty, and still He called this man the type of character upon which the church should rest forever. Disappointed friends have sought refuge in cynicism and pessimism; and they often are met going up and down the world, denouncing friendship, casting insinuations upon loyalty, and denouncing the genuineness of men. Of all the unfortunate ailments which poison the life of man, cyni-

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cism and pessimism, which comprise the subtle distrust of the heart, are the worst. Unhappy, indeed, is he who loses his faith in others. Disappointed and gloomy is the life which finds no succor in friendship, and no sustenance in the loyalty of others. Iago, of all men is miserable, and he is not only miserable, but often mean; for cynicism is not a virtue—it is a sin. Iago is not to be trusted, because he trusts no one; which is to say, distrusts himself. Cynicism is the loss of self-respect—the dethronement and destruction of sincerity.

Our Lord's attitude toward men is a corrective of this tendency. He believed in Himself, and despite the disloyalty and Phariseism which He saw around Him, trusted men, because He knew what was in his heart.

He was ideal in His unselfishness. One of the social temptations of history is friendship. It has been the opportunity to take advantage of confidence.

Selfishness is the temptation of love. When

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a man uses the opportunities of friendship to exalt himself, and makes it a stepping-stone to reach success, he violates one of the sacred laws of life. Selfishness is one of the social rocks against which friendship is wrecked.

The true friend seeks to give, not to take; to help, not to be helped; to minister, not to be ministered unto. Every man may find in the list of his supposed friends, some whose purpose is evil, and whose profession is false. They are "professional" friends, who go through life seeking whom they may devour. Our Lord was unselfish. He was absolutely true in His motive. His social purpose was clean, and His friendship was a ministry, not a receptacle. He came to set Himself squarely against the mood of selfishness. His sympathy was never used as coin to purchase power. His love was never for rent, or for sale. The law of His social life was as redemptive as the law of His public Messianic life. He did not live two lives, but one; and

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that one was dominated with one master motive, the genuineness of which was demonstrated by His power of sacrifice.

The test of love is suffering. This is the proof of love. It is this evidence which gives the Cross authority. Love is to be measured by sacrifice and suffering. The friendship which has no gift of sacrifice is not the ideal. If it fail at the point of sacrifice, it fails at the vital point.

In the parable of the vine, our Lords says: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." He gave the world the most complete illustration of this test of friendship. He died for His friends, and for His enemies, that they might become His friends.

His friendship was one of practical relief. The thorn was not always removed from the quivering flesh, nor the burden from the bent back; but underneath was the divine grace, and the Everlasting Arms. Friendship had never been used precisely that way before. He

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used it as an instrument of redemption. Our Lord did not obtrude His sympathetic attitude upon people indiscriminately. He was not in the habit of throwing the costly gem to the grunting swine.

Friendship is governed by law. It cannot be given to one who does not want it. It knows no compulsion, save the compulsion of its own intrinsic attraction.

We "make friends" by law; sometimes, apparently by accident, through the higher law of reciprocity, we discover affinities, and find the kindred spirit by the laws of mutual attraction. We do not make friends as we make houses, but discover them as we do the arbutus, under the leaves of our lives, concealed in our experience.

There are those who share our feelings, participate in our joys and our sorrows. This participation leads to the loftiest companionship. Like draws like; artists attract artists, musicians attract musicians, and adversity attracts adversity. Between the identical in life



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there is a commerce; a commerce of ideas, emotions and ideals.

Between those who hated and those who loved our Lord, there is a line of cleavage. To be a friend of Christ was a certain test or judgment, indicating that the heart gave admission on the one hand, and response upon the other. Our Lord gave the world the advantage of His friendship—because it is just as great a sin to hoard our affections as our money.

Holman Hunt describes the Savior as the light of the world, standing outside of the door of the cottage, holding the lantern of light, knocking for admission. It is the picture of the divine friendship seeking admission into the human heart.

When Benedict Arnold lay dying in the garret, his physician asked if he needed anything. "Yes—a friend," was the reply. Into the lonely garrets, on battlefields, in cottages, everywhere, would our Lord enter with relief and redemption.

For Friendship's Sake

Ralph Waldo Emerson begins his essay on "Friendship," with these words:

"We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the selfishness, that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love, like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, to whom we scarcely speak, yet whom we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! read the language of these wandering eye-beams. The heart knoweth!"

Our Lord spiritualized the common virtues. He spiritualized and elevated the animal relations. The danger of society is animallhood. If we could keep the beast from society, we might purify both the beast and society. The brute insists upon entering the holy of holies of life. The danger of life is not that we shall become ultraspiritual, but ultramaterial.

Let no man who professes to believe in Jesus

The Ideal Friend.

Christ doubt friendship as a fact, nor the ideal representation of it as a reality.

The poet who penned these lines wrote a falsehood.

“Friendship’s an empty name, made to deceive
Those whose good nature tempts them to believe.
There’s no such thing on earth; the best that we
Can hope for, is faint neutrality.”

Our Lord’s life is a contradiction of this doctrine of the cynic. He demonstrated the fact of love, disinterested sympathy and genuine friendship. He is the world’s Friend—the example of that cohesive law which holds together the social structure. The friendship of our Lord is made of His confidence in man, and means confidence in Him. And this suggests that which is of the greatest importance,—How shall we become friends of Christ? Once surrounded with His followers, He said: “Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.” He abrogated the authority of lordship for friendship, and made these servants friends, on one condition: that they

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be obedient to Him. There can be no harmony between Christ and His followers, without obedience. That very evening He had addressed them as servants, and now lays down the eternal condition of friendship. It was the southern planter, calling in his black slaves from the cottonfield, and bestowing upon them the prerogatives and freedom of fellowship and love.

"Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you." Here friendship becomes the channel of knowledge, through the Son. It is a democracy established between our Lord and His disciples—an equality between master and servant, and employer and employee. This is the true principle of social elevation, and enlightenment. Christ was a democrat. No man was barred out if he met the conditions—which, by the way, are laws as inflexible as the laws of cause and effect. Harmony

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is obedience to the laws of music; so religion is obedience to the laws of God. Love is music—the harmony of soul and soul, and between the soul and God.

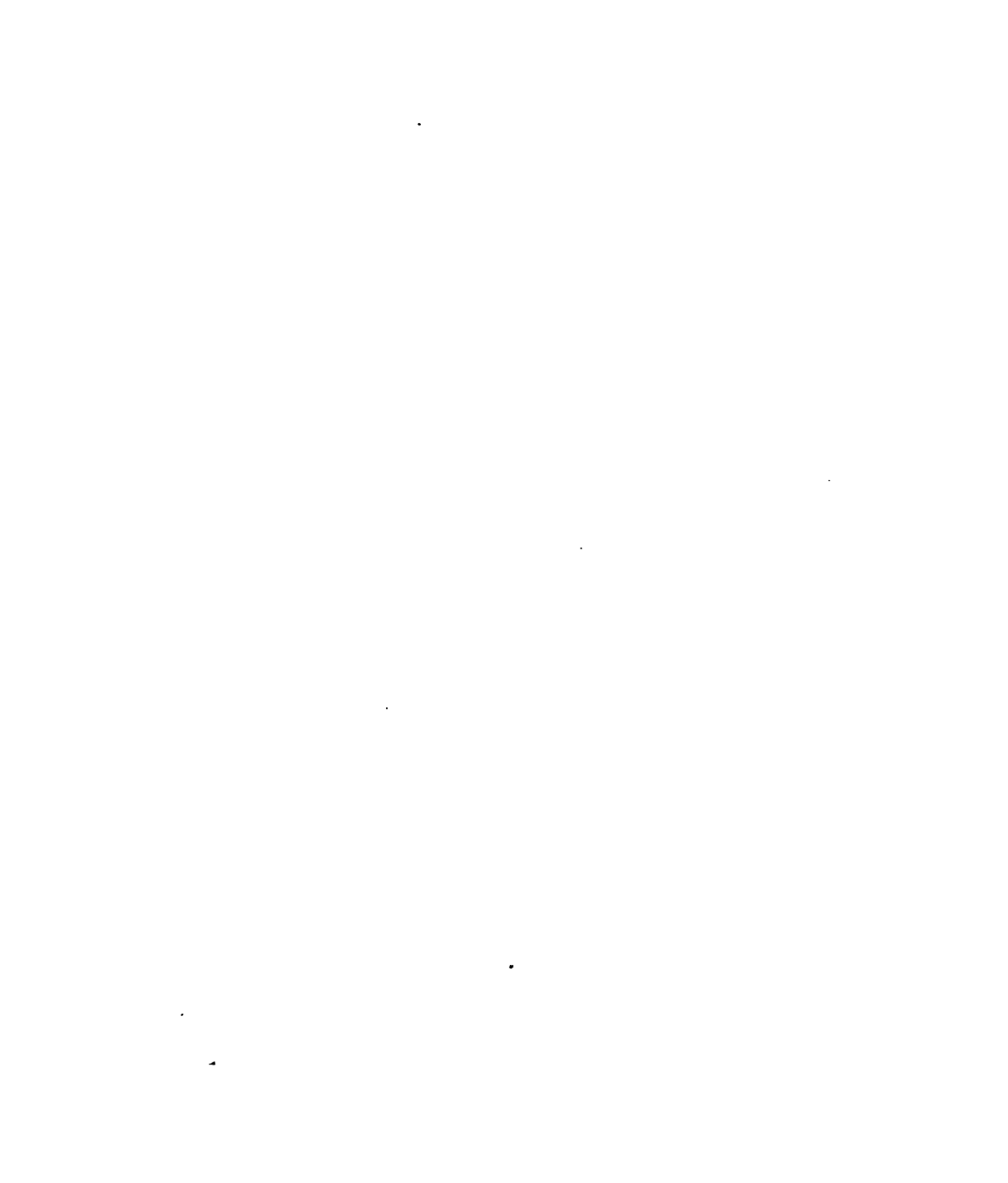
To enjoy the friendship of Christ is to be a Christian. Discipleship is friendship. To be a Christian is not to be a servant, but a friend—a member of the Lord's spiritual household.

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." In this lies the ideal friendship of Christ, and the law of its realization.



**Treat your friends for what you know them to
be. Regard no surfaces. Consider not what
they did, but what they intended**

—Chesau



The Fruit of Friendship

BY FRANCIS BACON.

IT HAD been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in a few words than in that speech: "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation, such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen, as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana;

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and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the Church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: *Magna civitas, magna solitudo*; because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship for the most part which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous

The Fruit of Friendship

in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind. You may take sarza to open the liver; steel to open the spleen; flowers of sulphur for the lungs; castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak; so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes in regard of the distance of their fortune, from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern language give unto such persons the name of favorites, or privadoes, as if it were matter of

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grace or conversation. But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof; naming them *participes curarum*; for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet: "For that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting." With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that in-

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terest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder, after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death; for when Cæsar would have discharged the Senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the Senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favor was so great, as Antonius, in a letter, which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him *venefica* (witch), as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa, though of mean birth, to that height as when he consulted with Mæcnas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcnas took the liberty to tell him "that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great." With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends.

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Tiberius, in a letter to him, saith, *Hæc pro amicitia nostrâ non occultavi*; and the whole Senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like, or more, was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus; for he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus, and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son, and did write also in a letter to the Senate by these words, "I love the man so well as I wish he may overlive me." Now, if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity, though as great as ever happened to mortal men, but as an half-piece, except they might have a friend to make it entire; and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives,

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sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Commineus observeth of his first master Duke Charles the Hardy—namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and least of all those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith, that towards his latter time, “That closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding.” Surely Commineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master Louis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true: *Cor ne edito* (Eat not the heart). Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man’s self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and

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cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue, as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone, for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet, without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression: and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storms and tempests; but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this

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to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another: he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words. Finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, "That speech was like cloth of arras, opened, and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas, in thoughts, they lie but as in packs." Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best); but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a

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stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue, or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point, which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation, which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas: "Dry light is ever the best." And certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth and that a man giveth himself as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the

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other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine something too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case. But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many, especially of the greater sort, do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune. For, as St. James saith, they are as men "that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor." As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four-and-twenty letters; or that a

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musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight; and if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces, asking counsel in one business of one man and in another business of another man, it is well—that is to say, better, perhaps, than if he asked none at all; but he runneth two dangers: one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled: for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it; the other, that he shall have counsel given hurtful and unsafe, though with good meaning, and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body, and therefore may put you in way for a present cure,

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but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections and support of the judgment) followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels. I mean aid, and bearing a part, in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say "that a friend is another himself," for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they

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principally take to heart—the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth which are blushing in a man's own. So, again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father, to his wife but as a husband, to his enemy but upon terms; whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it

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sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless. I have given the rule where a man cannot fitly play his own part. If he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.



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